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Puppy First Contact

OC OC

So, you guys are going to meet the Humans tomorrow?

Official first diplomatic meeting? Ooh boy- Have I got a warning for ya. If you do it right, Humans are pretty decent, all in all. But if. you. do. it. wrong... honestly, there has never been a historical account of anyone ever successfully coming back from that, for as long as they lasted.

The Human diplomat will arrive at the meeting place, with a companion animal. It is called a 'Puppy'. This small, harmless creature will be set loose during the meeting, and left to roam, play, and do whatever it wants to do. Seriously, now; this is very important: Never be mean, disapproving, or heaven help you *violent* to that small creature!

The Puppy is the Test. The secret point of the first contact.

The Human diplomat is there of course to finalize treaties and trade deals and all that, certainly, but while he or she is doing that, they are also hyper aware of the Puppy. They are also linked cybernetically to their entire race through their 'Internet' technology, so effectively the entire race is watching this meeting. They are all watching the Puppy play.

If you find the Puppy adorable, you are good. If the Puppy loves you, you are even more golden. Many scientists have tried to replicate human 'Bacon' to hide in our diplomat pockets, towards this end. Results have been... unreliable.

If you find the puppy slightly annoying, try your best to endure it. It can bite, but is honestly not strong enough to cause any significant harm. If the puppy starts to cause a mess, tearing at gown fabrics, for example, having a forgiving attitude about it will actually earn you bonus points with the Humans, for your evidenced understanding and patience.

Popular opinion about your Species is important, among the Human 'zeitgeist' group mind collective, in that Internet. Even something as trivial as disapproving of the puppy smell will lose you many points on that popular opinion.

One delegation shooed the Puppy away from their foot, gently shoving it across the floor several feet. That... did not go well. The Humans were rather cold and impersonal to that species forever more.

Another snapped after a particular annoyance and applied a psychic attack on the puppy. Its high pitched yelp of pain ended the proceedings immediately. All contact was cut. Humans never dealt with them again. And denied any trade or treaty offers.

On a good note, our delegation was forewarned, and made the effort of cooing and adoring the puppy, give it constant ear scratches and tummy tickles as the talk went on. We are closely allied to this day (it was a clever deception- we were actually disgusted with the slobbering puppy, but played it all rather well)

However, on one First Contact, as the puppy bounded in through the airlock, the security detail mistook it for a "space rat" vermin getting on board and shot it immediately. They are the Druug. Yeah. We dont hear much from them anymore. Most of us forget what they even looked like.

Another time, the diplomats were about to strike the puppy in annoyance, but one of the aides was a telepath, and was reading the Humans mind at the moment, and placed a trembling warning hand on the diplomat about to strike. What it saw formulating in the Human mind as the hand rose up to strike is unknown, but the telepath was scarred from the trauma of what it had seen, and was driven utterly insane from then on... muttering only "the horror- ..the *spoon!*" as it rocked back and forth piteously in its quarters.

But the worst. Yeah, you've heard about this one. The Purge War. Complete Galactic Eradication of a species is a very rare event, and was terrifying to behold. How it started? The diplomats mistook the puppy for a gift treat, and promptly ate it, in thanks. The recording of sensor data in the area of that event revealed a surprisingly large amount of antiship missiles arcing in from all directions before sensor data was terminated.

Like I told you. That Puppy is the TEST. Just put up with it. It is actually kind of cute with its youthful exuberance, once you get past its fangs, slobbery mouth, and disgustingly filthy claws. It may nip. It may tear fabric. It may even pee. If you're lucky, it may just get bored and go to sleep.

Just. Chill. With that little creature. Endure the "Nip and Tear, until it is done". You really do not want experience the alternative to that phrase.